



us, for this sin, by Europe, we have only the forecast of that vial of wrath which Heaven will surely pour down, and with which history will condemn this "unparalleled outrage upon Mexico,"—the spirit of the age, the means, and ends of the war, the intelligence of the people, considered,—as the most perfidious, cowardly, actually devilish war ever committed upon earth. Sir! I may seem to be using words of extravagance; but before God, and in the calm, still light of conscience, am I deliberately convinced, that no professedly civilized, and Christian nation was ever guilty of so profligate a piece of villainy as this, which our nation is at this instant engaged in. I do not except Great Britain in India, nor France under Bonaparte, nor Russia in the subjugation of Poland.

There is one fact, in relation to this projected conquest of Mexico, which is not sufficiently seen in the light. It is, that Mexico would gladly, up to the very last moment, have avoided hostilities, but that she has been actually forced to fight, or surrender herself to utter extinction. I point for confirmation of this statement to the letters of Mr. Slidell and Mr. Black. It is there made manifest, that she would have given up Texas peaceably. Only when she found, that she had no mercy to expect from the ruthless sons of the old Norman and Saxon marauders; only when it was perfectly apparent, that the sealed purpose of the United States was to blockade her ports, seize on California, and then bully and bribe her into passive compliance, did she bravely resolve to die, if die she must, on her frontiers. Sir! the world already knows, and futurity will repeat the fact with indignant execration,—that it has been the deliberate plot, for these long years, of the faction which now rules this nation, to compel Mexico into conflict, in order to find some pretext for stealing California. Oh, would that this abominable crime had been committed unmasked, and unblushing; for it adds the blackest shade of all to this deep-dyed fraud, that we should now pretend that Mexico is the aggressor. Alas! an American, a countryman of Washington and Franklin, of Jay and Madison, can no longer hold up his head amidst the most shameless courts of the old world. No diplomacy has been so skulking; no deeds of force so gratuitous, as those of this free Republic. It is the old story of the wolf and the lamb. We have lied in order to find an excuse to kill; and then killed because the lie is detected. The slave-power needs the whole of Mexico, and by guile, by gold, or by the red right hand, will she have it. This faction needs the whole of Mexico. Is not this most manifest from the fact, that although the Mexican troops have retired from the Rio Bravo, we are yet preparing to march upon the capital? Why fight another battle, unless Mexico seeks to drive our army from the provinces already stolen? Is it not perfectly obvious to the most stupid, that the design is to make Mexico pay us, for having murdered some thousands of her sons, and pillaged and taken possession of some millions of her broad acres, by yielding California? What words are there, Sir, hot and hard enough, to brand with the mark of the beast, as it deserves, this infernal truimph of robbery—murder—fraud? And why does the slave-power need the whole of Mexico? That thereby, the institution of Slavery,—now overborne, and tottering under the condemnation and the commercial policy of the civilized world,—may be re-established;—that new and endless markets may be opened for slaves, and thus their home-value heightened;—that the dynasty of slaveholders may be permanently entrenched over the United States. And for such an end the friends of this nation are *reduced* to die in battle and by pestilence!!! This brings us to the

Fourth proposition: That the Governor of Massachusetts, in disregard of the State's most solemn, explicit, and repeated declarations of its will, and his own explicit confession of the claims of justice and duty, has dared to summon the freemen of Massachusetts to fight the battles of the slaveholding dynasty.

Where, Sir, is the spirit of '76, that the fatal step of obedience to the slave-power is not taken,—that Massachusetts is not yet disgraced by this base compliance,—that her volunteers may yet be *kept upon her own soil*. Ah! believe it ye who can. It tears the very heart-strings out, as I say it,—but for one, I have lost my confidence in my mother-State. But two years since, Sir, and Massachusetts stood alone, in glorious dignity, the standard-bearer of the faithful; she had it in her power by her veto to have put an end forever to the Texas-plot; even this last summer, had she rallied bravely in behalf of freedom, she might have stayed the consummation of this base iniquity; but when her great men and her wise men met together even in this sacred Cradle of Liberty, and worked off the indignant energies of a noble people in empty boasts, half-promises, and treacherous timidity; and when even such pledges as she did give were shuffled aside, postponed, shrunk from, broken; then, Sir, her scattered sons, over the length and breadth of this land, wrung their hands in utter heart-sickness; and the doom of this nation was sealed. Oh! to have forfeited this priceless opportunity of being the mediator, the saviour of a nation, and such a nation, for the poor sop of commercial profits, party power, and official honor,—what an irreparable wrong! The pillars of Massachusetts' fame have crumbled; her spurious flag lies trailing in the dust. She is a by-word among the States; her name is a synonyme for braggart.—Let her send her volunteers; for if they stay, it will be thought to be pure cowardice. Let her don her mantle of pride, and put on her rags of shame. Let her play the jester to the Southern lion.

And now, fellow-citizens, the portrait of our nation, in her present attitude is completed. Take one view of it as a whole. We are without a Union,—without a Constitution,—ruled with the sword by the slave-power,—betrayed by our leaders,—given up to be the tame serfs of an unscrupulous faction,—who summon us to extend, by murder and marauding, the dominion of Slavery to the Pacific and the Isthmus of Panama!

What is to be done? I will tell you, what I think is to be done. I open to you my heart and judgment, in the full consciousness that we are all standing under the eye of God, and "compassed about with a cloud of many witnesses." The spirits of the great and good of all ages, the spirits of our ancestors, who bequeathed to us the legacy of their deeds and characters, and entrusted their infant institutions to our keeping, are around us. Let us breathe in magnanimity from such communion. Let us hear their voices.

I. *Individually and collectively, let us pledge ourselves to give no manner of countenance, aid, encouragement, to this war; but in every way to show that our sympathy is with the oppressed and not with*

II. *Individually, and collectively, let us pledge our contributions to the support of the families of those who, being drafted, refuse to serve, and take the penalty.*

These two steps are *duties*; anything less would be cowardly submission to wrong. Can it be possible that there is a man here unwilling to pledge himself in no way to abet this deed of robbery and murder? Dare we stand in Faneuil Hall, and speak in extenuation of this career of aggression, down which the rulers of this people are seeking to plunge us? Does not every man of common-sense and common virtue, in his heart condemn the whole Texas plot, from beginning to end, as a scheme of unequalled meanness? And now is it for the sons of the Pilgrims to be bullied into upholding this trick of political gamblers by their blood and treasure? It has been said, with most transparent sophistry, that this war is no worse than all wars; because in every war there must be a contest of justice with injustice; and that what is base on the part of the United States is counterbalanced by what is noble on the part of the Mexicans, who are equally our brethren. What an amount of high mirth and devotion to good, then, must there be in the people of Mexico, to counterpose the concentrated selfishness which prompts this nation in its attempt to crush a sister republic. In what a position does a citizen stand when he must pray, if pray he can at all, to see his country humbled! Surely every generous heart must long to see Mexico triumph.

[Here there was a cry of "Shame, shame," accompanied with hisses from the gallery, when the Speaker, looking up to the disturbers, continued.]

Brother, though this insult to me is meant in unkindness, do you think to silence by such boisterous maul a man who has made up his mind to duty? If you do, you may as well go home! I will tell you the truth. Take heed how you hear. Come to yourselves. It is not the manhood within you which sends forth these hisses; but a remnant of the old serpent. I speak to you, as knowing that every idle word will be written down in judgment. Listen as men who are each alike responsible. You can not make truth a lie, or right wrong, by your willfulness.

I deliberately repeat, I long to see Mexico victorious. If there must be battle: at least God grant that there be always courage and devotion on the side of right—and Mexico is in the right. Her whole position and action, the dignity of her State papers, her temperance under grossest provocation, her determination to uphold the cause of Liberty against Slavery, her resolve to guard her frontier from invasion, do her honor in the eyes of the on-looking world; and her glory deepens by contrast the blackness of our shame. Before Heaven and my countrymen, do I, for one, solemnly declare, that could I be forced to fight in this inhuman struggle, it should be under the banner of Mexico. Is not this most manifest from the fact, that although the Mexican troops have retired from the Rio Bravo, we are yet preparing to march upon the capital? Why fight another battle, unless Mexico seeks to drive our army from the provinces already stolen? Is it not perfectly obvious to the most stupid, that the design is to make Mexico pay us, for having murdered some thousands of her sons, and pillaged and taken possession of some millions of her broad acres, by yielding California? What words are there, Sir, hot and hard enough, to brand with the mark of the beast, as it deserves, this infernal truimph of robbery—murder—fraud? And why does the slave-power need the whole of Mexico? That thereby, the institution of Slavery,—now overborne, and tottering under the condemnation and the commercial policy of the civilized world,—may be re-established;—that new and endless markets may be opened for slaves, and thus their home-value heightened;—that the dynasty of slaveholders may be permanently entrenched over the United States. And for such an end the friends of this nation are *reduced* to die in battle and by pestilence!!! This brings us to the

Fourth proposition: That the Governor of Massachusetts, in disregard of the State's most solemn, explicit, and repeated declarations of its will, and his own explicit confession of the claims of justice and duty, has dared to summon the freemen of Massachusetts to fight the battles of the slaveholding dynasty.

Where, Sir, is the spirit of '76, that the fatal step of obedience to the slave-power is not taken,—that Massachusetts is not yet disgraced by this base compliance,—that her volunteers may yet be *kept upon her own soil*. Ah! believe it ye who can. It tears the very heart-strings out, as I say it,—but for one, I have lost my confidence in my mother-State. But two years since, Sir, and Massachusetts stood alone, in glorious dignity, the standard-bearer of the faithful; she had it in her power by her veto to have put an end forever to the Texas-plot; even this last summer, had she rallied bravely in behalf of freedom, she might have stayed the consummation of this base iniquity; but when her great men and her wise men met together even in this sacred Cradle of Liberty, and worked off the indignant energies of a noble people in empty boasts, half-promises, and treacherous timidity; and when even such pledges as she did give were shuffled aside, postponed, shrunk from, broken; then, Sir, her scattered sons, over the length and breadth of this land, wrung their hands in utter heart-sickness; and the doom of this nation was sealed. Oh! to have forfeited this priceless opportunity of being the mediator, the saviour of a nation, and such a nation, for the poor sop of commercial profits, party power, and official honor,—what an irreparable wrong! The pillars of Massachusetts' fame have crumbled; her spurious flag lies trailing in the dust. She is a by-word among the States; her name is a synonyme for braggart.—Let her send her volunteers; for if they stay, it will be thought to be pure cowardice. Let her don her mantle of pride, and put on her rags of shame. Let her play the jester to the Southern lion.

And now, fellow-citizens, the portrait of our nation, in her present attitude is completed. Take one view of it as a whole. We are without a Union,—without a Constitution,—ruled with the sword by the slave-power,—betrayed by our leaders,—given up to be the tame serfs of an unscrupulous faction,—who summon us to extend, by murder and marauding, the dominion of Slavery to the Pacific and the Isthmus of Panama!

What is to be done? I will tell you, what I think is to be done. I open to you my heart and judgment, in the full consciousness that we are all standing under the eye of God, and "compassed about with a cloud of many witnesses." The spirits of the great and good of all ages, the spirits of our ancestors, who bequeathed to us the legacy of their deeds and characters, and entrusted their infant institutions to our keeping, are around us. Let us breathe in magnanimity from such communion. Let us hear their voices.

I. *Individually and collectively, let us pledge ourselves to give no manner of countenance, aid, encouragement, to this war; but in every way to show that our sympathy is with the oppressed and not with*

comes, the "booted loafers," as Mr. Wise was wont to call them, are to plant the American Eagle in the Capital of Mexico,—to "revel in the halls of the Montezumas,"—to plunder the churches of the "lazy priesthood,"—to heap their wagons with golden ingots,—and our ships are to ride at anchor in the harbors of California, under the banner of the stars and stripes. So boast the propheis of the Press. Alas! it may be otherwise ordered in the councils of Heaven. This only is clear,—if ever, on this earth, nation *deserved disaster*, it is the United States. And for one, I see the *possibility* of quite a different destiny. Looking forward for some two years or more, I seem to see an army wasted by pestilence, cut off, hemmed in amidst a hostile nation,—volunteers few and feeble, and quite sick of glory,—a bankrupt treasury,—a prostrate commerce,—a perplexed, divided people,—and mean while the *tornado of Indian warfare* is sweeping the western frontier, and black clouds surcharged with blood are rising from the low plains of the South. Certainly it is no exaggeration to say, that such horrors may, *possibly*, be lurking beneath this crimson curtain of fate which we have lifted. Certainly it is *possible*, that the prediction of John Quincy Adams may be verified, and the "end of Texas Annexation" yet prove to be a four-fold war,—a foreign, Indian, servile, civil war." A wise man should arraign his plans accordingly. What will you do, when a draft is made in order to put back the red men, whom we have maddened by abuse,—to quell the rising of the long-crushed slave,—to redeem our scattered forces from the mountain passes, and the guerrilla bands of Mexico? What will you do when a hirling press shouts "to the lamp-post,"—when a ruffian mob is quick to do a tyrant's bidding,—when martial law has substituted the bullet and the halter for the even scales of Justice? Are you ready, amidst such an ordeal, to stand firm to Freedom, to bear in patience your share of the penalty, which evil rulers, chosen by an evil people, have justly brought upon the nation?

There come, volunteers in the hosts of God's faithful,—true sons and daughters of the stern Puritans! Summon up what is in you of the old Berserker courage of Anglo-Saxon independence. We are called to an easy duty,—the *not doing wrong*; and to a slight penalty,—the insults of wrong-doers. And yet to discharge nobly that duty, and to bear magnanimously that penalty, needs more than Spartan firmness, even *Christian heroism*. Come up, enrol your names,—enlist recruits in every town and city,—and marshal your bands, armed only with the pike-charge and the pruning-hook, beneath the white banner of Peace. We may be accused in an evil generation,—may be called fanatics, and fools,—may be imprisoned, strangled, shot. But I tell you, that in this very hour we are putting on a robe of honor; and far off may be heard the congratulations of the coming ages.

But, Mr. Chairman, and fellow-citizens! I have yet done. Another step,—besides those of pledging ourselves to peace, and contributing to the support of those thus pledged,—should, it seems to me, be taken, and that straightway. The measures already described have reference to the present emergency; the one now to be stated is prospective, and looks far into the future. I say, then, as the result of my most deliberate judgment, that the time has fully arrived when the *people of these States* should *consult together as to the formation of a new Union, and the adoption of a new Constitution*. The slave-power has, by this last blow, destroyed this nation, as it has been in the past. The time is very near at hand, when the most cautious and conservative will clearly recognize, what the sagacious and bold already know and declare, that the people of the United States are resolved into their original elements. The bond of mutual confidence is broken forever; the sovereign law has been irretrievably slighted. The most ambitious will soon be made to feel, that pecuniary obstacles, grudgingly given, and jealously watched, are but poor wages for sycophancy and degrading compromise. The most covetous will, ere long discover, that the unsteady policy of men who use great measures of statesmanship only as hobbies whereto to ride up to power, taxes their income too heavily, and makes gain too precarious to be tolerated. Doubtless the promise of new markets in Texas, and of safe ports in California, has proved a tempting bait to the commercial and manufacturing world. Doubtless the mercenary even dare to rejoice in the present war, because it has "saved the tariff, and put off, indefinitely, the sub-treasury." But how soon will such joy turn to mourning. The perpetual dread of new enormities, leading to new confusions, must necessarily so perplex business operations as to spread mildew and blight over the greenest prosperity. And how much is this war of endless aggression to cost? First Santa Fe, then California, then Mexico proper, then Cuba, then Haïti! Is not the plan of the campaign marked out, and is not its appeal in its extent and probable duration? Does any man flatter himself that the presumptuous, unscrupulous dynasty, which now commands us, will be tamed and made temperate by success? Who will pay for the vast expenditures of these ever-expanding conquests, even if we triumph? And how long can a general war be avoided if this Republic, under the guidance of the madmen who have seized upon its management, rushes forward to possess the whole continent? Finally, how soon will high military honor be made the necessary avenue to the presidency, and the Government of this free people become in fact, if not in name, a dictatorship? Can a student of history be an observer of men, doubt of the result? On the low ground of sordid calculation, and mere private interest. I say, then, the time has fully come, when it behoves the freemen of this nation to band together, and form, while they yet may, a new Union.

They say, in the streets, that the fatal step of obedience to the slave-power is not taken,—that Massachusetts is not yet disgraced by this base compliance,—that her volunteers may yet be *kept upon her own soil*. Ah! believe it ye who can. It tears the very heart-strings out, as I say it,—but for one, I have lost my confidence in my mother-State. But two years since, Sir, and Massachusetts stood alone, in glorious dignity, the standard-bearer of the faithful; she had it in her power by her veto to have put an end forever to the Texas-plot; even this last summer, had she rallied bravely in behalf of freedom, she might have stayed the consummation of this base iniquity; but when her great men and her wise men met together even in this sacred Cradle of Liberty, and worked off the indignant energies of a noble people in empty boasts, half-promises, and treacherous timidity; and when even such pledges as she did give were shuffled aside, postponed, shrunk from, broken; then, Sir, her scattered sons, over the length and breadth of this land, wrung their hands in utter heart-sickness; and the doom of this nation was sealed. Oh! to have forfeited this priceless opportunity of being the mediator, the saviour of a nation, and such a nation, for the poor sop of commercial profits, party power, and official honor,—what an irreparable wrong! The pillars of Massachusetts' fame have crumbled; her spurious flag lies trailing in the dust. She is a by-word among the States; her name is a synonyme for braggart.—Let her send her volunteers; for if they stay, it will be thought to be pure cowardice. Let her don her mantle of pride, and put on her rags of shame. Let her play the jester to the Southern lion.

And now, fellow-citizens, the portrait of our nation, in her present attitude is completed. Take one view of it as a whole. We are without a Union,—without a Constitution,—ruled with the sword by the slave-power,—betrayed by our leaders,—given up to be the tame serfs of an unscrupulous faction,—who summon us to extend, by murder and marauding, the dominion of Slavery to the Pacific and the Isthmus of Panama!

What is to be done? I will tell you, what I think is to be done. I open to you my heart and judgment, in the full consciousness that we are all standing under the eye of God, and "compassed about with a cloud of many witnesses." The spirits of the great and good of all ages, the spirits of our ancestors, who bequeathed to us the legacy of their deeds and characters, and entrusted their infant institutions to our keeping, are around us. Let us breathe in magnanimity from such communion. Let us hear their voices.

I. *Individually and collectively, let us pledge ourselves to give no manner of countenance, aid, encouragement, to this war; but in every way to show that our sympathy is with the oppressed and not with*

comes, the "booted loafers," as Mr. Wise was wont to call them, are to plant the American Eagle in the Capital of Mexico,—to "revel in the halls of the Montezumas,"—to plunder the churches of the "lazy priesthood,"—to heap their wagons with golden ingots,—and our ships are to ride at anchor in the harbors of California, under the banner of the stars and stripes. So boast the propheis of the Press. Alas! it may be otherwise ordered in the councils of Heaven. This only is clear,—if ever, on this earth, nation *deserved disaster*, it is the United States. And for one, I see the *possibility* of quite a different destiny. Looking forward for some two years or more, I seem to see an army wasted by pestilence, cut off, hemmed in amidst a hostile nation,—volunteers few and feeble, and quite sick of glory,—a bankrupt treasury,—a prostrate commerce,—a perplexed, divided people,—and mean while the *tornado of Indian warfare* is sweeping the western frontier, and black clouds surcharged with blood are rising from the low plains of the South. Certainly it is no exaggeration to say, that such horrors may, *possibly*, be lurking beneath this crimson curtain of fate which we have lifted. Certainly it is *possible*, that the prediction of John Quincy Adams may be verified, and the "end of Texas Annexation" yet prove to be a four-fold war,—a foreign, Indian, servile, civil war." A wise man should arraign his plans accordingly. What will you do, when a draft is made in order to put back the red men, whom we have maddened by abuse,—to quell the rising of the long-crushed slave,—to redeem our scattered forces from the mountain passes, and the guerrilla bands of Mexico? What will you do when a hirling press shouts "to the lamp-post,"—when a ruffian mob is quick to do a tyrant's bidding,—when martial law has substituted the bullet and the halter for the even scales of Justice? Are you ready, amidst such an ordeal, to stand firm to Freedom, to bear in patience your share of the penalty, which evil rulers, chosen by an evil people, have justly brought upon the nation?

II. *Individually, and collectively, let us pledge our contributions to the support of the families of those who, being drafted, refuse to serve, and take the penalty.*

east aside, will be east aside. We need to replace ourselves where our fathers stood, and even on a higher ground than theirs; to take up the problems of Government and society which they left unsolved, and to carry out and complete their imperfect work. We need to re-assert more strongly and broadly than they did, the great doctrine of human rights, and to apply it practically to life, as they did not dream of. We need to realize indeed and in truth a Christian brotherhood, a UNION OF FREEMEN.

And this shall yet be done, soon done, God grant. With no gloomy auguries let us close, but only with serene and steady hope. The power of evil is strong in this generation, in this country, but the spirit of humanity is stronger. Thousands, who a few years since stood back from all reforms, are now enlisted earnestly in the cause of man's redemption. Universal principles of justice are asserted in the face of the selfish maxims of expediency. The mere declaration, that the slave is a man, and entitled to all the rights and privileges of manhood, has opened in the consciences of multitudes a wholly new view of the worth of a human being, and of the true ends of human life. Amidst us is already rising the promise of a parson for this nation that it has ever seen, a day of public repentance—of confession of past hypocrisies and outrages,—of willing obedience to right. I call upon you, fellow-freemen, to hasten on this better time; go into your towns and neighborhoods, and proclaim that the union between Freedom and Slavery is at an end; that the Constitution, which professes liberty and establishes oppression, is thrown aside; assert in their length and breadth the essential principles of the nation—Christian love, and civil freedom; call primary assemblies of the people to consider the present crisis, and their duties; raise the rally cry of a new UNION, a NEW CONSTITUTION; and thus in God's own time, shall we become if we are but faithful, brave, and patient, what he from the first designed us to be, a UNION OF UNITED FREEMEN.

And now, Mr. Chairman, as a summing up of the whole subject, I beg leave to present to the meeting the following preamble, and resolution:

Whereas, the Constitution of the United States has been trampled under foot by the slave-power, and the bond of union between these States broken in fragments; and whereas, we are therefore living under not a legal Constitutional Government, but a lawless oligarchy of slaveholders, and their vassals; and whereas, unscrupulous men have brought the nation into a most atrocious and unexampled state of *endless aggression*; and whereas, the unlimited establishment of Slavery—means, which violate constitutional restrictions, and the obligations and decencies of international law; and whereas, finally, the Governor of Massachusetts, in disregard of the State's most solemn, explicit, and repeated declarations of its will, and his own unequivocal confession of the claims of justice and duty, has dared to summon the freemen of Massachusetts to fight the battles of the slaveholding dynasty;

Therefore Resolved, That the people of Massachusetts, as here and now deliberately prove, that there is no longer a Union, a Constitution, a NEW EXECUTIVE; and that the *slave-power* has by its obdurate obstinacy of patriots or honor, to aid this act of unparalleled outrage upon Mexico; that a participation in this war, is an act of conspiracy with lawless marauders, and miscreants, against this nation; and that we announce for ourselves, and recommend to our fellow-citizens, ever where, these three measures, as suitable to the present crisis:

I. Individually and collectively,



## Poetry.

From the London News.

## THE WATCHER ON THE TOWER.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"What dost thou see, lone watcher on the tower?  
Is the day breaking?—comes the wished-for hour?  
Tell us the signs, and stretch abroad thy hand,  
If the bright morning dawns upon the land."

"The stars are clear above me, scarcely one  
Has dimmed its rays in reverence to the sun;  
But yet I see on the horizon's verge,  
Some fair, faint streaks, as if the light would surge."

"Look forth again, oh, watcher on the tower—  
The people wake, and languish for the hour;  
Long have they dwelt in darkness, and they pine,  
For the full daylight that they know **MUST** shine."

"I see not well—the morn is cloudy still;  
There is a fragrance on the distant hill  
Even as I watch, the glory seems to grow;  
But the stars' blink, and the night breezes blow?"

"And is that all, oh, watcher on the tower?  
Look forth again, it must be near the hour.  
Dost thou not see the snowy mountain coper,  
And the green woods beneath them on the slopes?"

"A mist envelops them; I cannot trace  
Their outline; but the day comes on apace.  
The clouds roll up in gold and amber flakes,  
And all the stars grow dim. The morning breaks."

"We thank thee, lone watcher on the tower;  
But look again; and tell us, hour by hour,  
All thou beholdest: many of us die  
Ere the day comes; oh, give them a reply."

"I see the hill-tops now; and chantie  
Crows his propheet's carol on mine ear;  
I see the distant woods and fields of corn;  
And ocean gleaming in the light of morn."

"Again—again—oh, watcher on the tower—  
We thirst for daylight, and we bide the hour,  
Patient, but longing. Tell us, shall it be  
A bright, calm, glorious day for the free?"

"I hope, but cannot tell. I hear a song,  
Vivid as day's itself; and clear and strong:  
As of a lark—young prophet of the noon—  
Pouring in sunlight his seraphic tone."

"What doth he say, oh, watcher on the tower?  
Is he a prophet? Doth the dawning hour  
Inspire his music? Is his chant sublime  
With the full glories of the coming time?"

"He prophesies—his heart is full—his lay  
Tells of the brightness of a peaceful day!  
A day not cloudless, nor devoid of storm,  
But sunny for the most, and clear, and warm."

"We thank thee, watcher on the lonely tower,  
For all thou tellest. Sings he of an hour  
When Error shall decay, and Truth grow strong—  
When right shall rule supreme and vanquish wrong?"

"He sings of brotherhood, and joy, and peace;  
Of days when jealousies and hate shall cease;  
When war shall die, and man's progressive mind  
Soar as unfettered as his God designed."

"Well done! thou watcher on the lonely tower?  
Is the day breaking?—dawns the happy hour?  
We pine to see it. Tell us yet again,  
If the broad daylight breaks upon the plain?"

—

From the Belfast Inquirer.

## THE LATE MRS. FRY.

BY WM. MC'COMB.

The following lines have never before appeared in print. The original copy, which is in our possession, was sent from a friend in England, to a gentleman in this place, at whose request the lines are published:

—

The felon's bewailing,  
The Magdalen's sigh;The tears of the widow,  
The fatherless' cry,—These are her epitaph,  
Written above:—

Lasting memorie is—

Records of love.

Spirit of Howard,

Look down from on high,—

On the grave of thy sister,  
Elizabeth Fry?

Wrapped in thy mantle,

She entered the cell,

A priestess of Heaven,

On the three-fold of Hell,—

An angel of mercy

Wherever she went,

Calling, like Peter,

On men to repeat.

Wearisome nights,

And wearisome days,

Mindful of duty—

Unmindful of praise—

In the gloom of the dungeon,

Upon the cold ground,

By the sick and the dying,

There was she found.

Oh! many a sight

She looked upon there,

Of sickness and death,

Of sorrow and care:

Like Aaron, she stood

'Twixt the living and dead,

A stranger to doubting—

A stranger to dread:—

A handmaid of Heaven,

By charity sent:—

Scattering blessings

Wherever she went,

The feelings of woman,

The courage of man,

Gave love and decision

To every plan.

Nations of Europe

Are shrouded in gloom;

All creeds and all classes

Weep over her tomb.

—

From the Bugle.

## THE MAN-HUNTER.

BY T. WICKERSHAM.

Is there a being on earth more foul—

More worthy of extreme contempt and scorn,

Of moral sense and virtue more forlorn,

Than men who will, like hungry bloodhounds, pounce

Upon the trail of flying fugitives,

When e'er a Southerner the watchword gives?

Worn down with travel; watchfulness, and fear,

Availing day, and wandering by night;

Shall he, the slave, when freedom's land is near,

Be intercepted in his trembling flight?

By Northern men who boast that they are free

And speak great words for Right and Liberty?

Shame that men guilty of this deed are found?

Shame that their feet pollute our Northern ground.

## Miscellany.

From the Boston Atlas.

Pen and Ink Sketches  
OF POPULAR PERSONS AND PLACES.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.—[Second Series.]

Gossipping Sketches in a London Concert-Room—[Continued.]—G. A. A'Becket—Alfred Crowquill—Mary Howitt—G. Hogarth—Douglas Jerrold—Eliza Cook.

As might naturally be expected, there are a great number of Americans in the Concert-room—and amongst them are two ladies, whose performances have, for the past month or five weeks, been leading attractions in the theatrical world. I allude to the Misses Cushman—and here I may just refer to a newspaper, in which the elder of these ladies has achieved, in the character of Ion, in Mr. Talfourd's tragedy of that name, "The Times," a series of portraits of the illustrious men of ancient and modern times, and applies, with considerable power, the great moral which the lives of men of genius and moral heroism should teach to the generations who enjoy their rich bequeathments. We have the names of Shakespeare, Milton, Cowper, Burns, Scott, his own Tleviot-Dale, Leyden, Wilson, Campbell, Thompson; and, in another category, those of Hampden, Algernon Sydney, Wilberforce, Howard, Channing, Washington, Franklin, Bryant, Longfellow, Emerson, and others. But the circle of human genius does not comprehend the more lonely sex alone; and here we have a noble vindicator of the mind and rights of woman, sweet scented as the hay-fields which surround the author's rural home:

Mr. Douglas Jerrold was associated with Dickens in the management of the Daily News, but within a week of the time of my penning this (Feb. 2.) he has resigned all connection with the paper, and has been heard to say, boastingly, that he never wrote a leading article for it. He now contributes a new series of papers to Punch under the head of "Mrs. Bibb's Baby," which are inferior to everything he has hitherto produced. Like Dickens, he has overdone and overwritten himself. Indeed, with the exception of Charles Lever, the author of "Harry Lorrequer," all our "stock" novel-writers have shelved themselves. Maxwell is silent, Bulwer only amusing himself by penning a satire, "Ainsworth" is hatching himself up, Boz dragging out a mongrel existence, and even James resting himself. We want something new. At the present moment there is almost a clear stage for a new and vigorous writer. The time is come, but where is the man?

Douglas Jerrold was, I understand, proposed as a member of the Parthenon Club, but black-balled, avowedly on account of his hostile attacks on the British and Foreign Institute; and Dickens, who belonged to the Club, so far mixed himself up with the matter, as to resign in consequence. The Punch people constitute a regular clique—and here, did space allow, I might say much about "parties" and "sets" in the English literary circles. Talk of the liberality of feeling among authors, indeed! Why, there are more bickering, heart-burnings, jealousies—more "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness"—existing amongst those, who, from their writings, one would suppose to be almost angels of light, and perfect patterns of propriety, than by those not behind the curtain could be deemed possible. Every writer has what he thinks to be his own particular walk, and wo to him who dares to venture within the boundary he has set up. Each has his own party to be puffed and be-praised, and to abuse all who differ from them in opinion. The existence of this state of things sufficiently accounts for the failure of the Daily News, which, in the hands of several popular authors, was to perform such wonders. Why, four or five literary men, such as Dickens, Jerrold, Hogarth, and a few more, could no more "hang together" in such a project, than could darkness and light exist in union. All experience has proved that their separate interests will clash; and this was actually made, when the new paper started, that Dickens and Jerrold would not agree together for six months. They have not for six weeks; for first Jerrold, and then (it is now said) Dickens, have left the paper—just as rats leave a ship as soon as there is a prospect of its sinking.

Another authorless present remains to be noticed. She entered the Concert-room with the two Miss Cushmans, to whom she is at present on a visit.

Another authorless—Miss Susan—appears—

They greet her with very encouraging cheers;

Her hair is arranged like a boarding-school girl's,

In what are called cork-crowns—those odd little urchins.

She's pretty, and clever—exhibits much art

In her method of reading and acting her part:—&c.

After describing act the first, the rhyming pro-  
ceeds:

Act the second a feud 'twixt two houses disclosed,

Like that which might rage 'twixt Dundas and Moses.

What figure is that who appears on the scene?

'Tis Madam Macready—Miss Cushman, I mean.

What a wondrous resemblance—the walk on the toes,

The eloquent, short, intellectual nose—

The head on the knee, the slight sneer on the lip;

The chin, in the voice, 'tis the same to a little,

Miss Cushman is Madam Macready in little.

The lady before us might very well pass

For the gentleman, viewed the wrong end of the glass,

No fault with the striking resemblance we find,

'Tis not in the person alone, but the mind.

• \* \* \* \*

A sit 'mid the audience makes us aware,

For Juliet's entrance we're now made aware.

Another authorless—Miss Susan—appears—

They greet her with very encouraging cheers;

Her hair is arranged like a boarding-school girl's,

In what are called cork-crowns—those odd little urchins.

She's pretty, and clever—exhibits much art

In her method of reading and acting her part:—&c.

Now, as for the acting—though 'tis not complete—

It is, on the whole, a most exquisite treat.

Miss Cushman and sister, the Fiar, the Nurse,

Have never been better, and often been worse

Than here, I fear, must be ended;

The less that is said, will the sooner be mend.

• \* \* \* \*

I wish I could transfer to the columns of the *Atlas*, the exceedingly clever caricature likeness of Miss Cushman, as Romeo, which illustrates the article. The reader would then perceive that Miss Cushman is, indeed, "Madam Macready in little."

Mr. Gilbert Abbot A'Becket, the author of the above jewel, is present. He is a somewhat sombre-looking man, of about forty years of age; and no one, to glance at him, would take him for a wit. He is one, though, as his numerous writings attest, for this digresional chit-chat about literature, the reader would be likely to suppose him to be a wit. He is a hundred and thousands of persons who see "Alfred Crowquill"—such a celebrated caricaturist and humorous writer, both of prose and verse. Of' he hundred and thousands of persons who see "Alfred Crowquill" such a fine-looking fellow, with eyes that see everything; and seem to be looking into you, whilst looking at you. I met him, one day, coming out of How's shop—I mean How, the celebrated publisher of illustrated works. From a likeness of him, which had but recently appeared in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, I recognized him at once. On looking after him, to catch another glimpse, I saw him driving on, like a locomotive, through the crowds of Fleet street, and brought up towards the front of the head, and brought forward on the sides of the four, in small bunches—in short, as much like a gentleman's style as can be. The masculine appearance which this gives her is increased by her wearing a small turnover collar round her throat. When Miss Cook entered the room, all the ladies looked first at her head and then at her dress, and seemed to wonder to which sex she belonged. I confess it did not strike me as being very becoming, but geniuses are sometimes queer mortals, and do things that commonplace creatures would never dream of. In the portrait of Miss Cook, prefixed to her second series of poems, just published—she is pourtrayed in this odd, manly, and improveable way.

• \* \* \* \*

Years ago, when I saw Mary Howitt, for the first

time, she was an active, bright-eyed, bustling body,

and therefore I was not a little surprised when a lady who sat three or four seats before me, and whose broad back I could only see, was pointed out to me as the able and industrious translator of Frederika Bremer's novels. Nevertheless, Mary Howitt was. She was in conversation with Miss Charlotte Cushman, and in one of the intervals between the parts of the concert, when I first caught a view of her full face, I must say that the change in it, which I remembered it to have been, did not altogether please me. It was less spiritual and finer still, that he is a broker in the city, a business which one would suppose to be the least in the world congenial to a mind, whose characteristics partake so much of imagination and fancy. Yet, it is; and Mr. Forrester earns a very handsome income, from both pursuits. Alfred Crowquill is a fine-looking fellow, with eyes that see everything; and seem to be looking into you, whilst looking at you. I met him, one day, coming out of How's shop—I mean How, the celebrated publisher of illustrated works. From a likeness of him, which had but recently appeared in Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, I recognized him at once. On looking after him, to catch another glimpse, I saw him driving on, like a locomotive, through the crowds of Fleet street, and brought up towards the front of the head, and brought forward on the sides of the four, in small bunches—in short, as much like a gentleman's style as can be. The masculine appearance which this gives her is increased by her wearing a small turnover